

JANUARY
No. 15



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PLASTIC MAN

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SMASHES
the alibi of
BEAU CRUMMEL!





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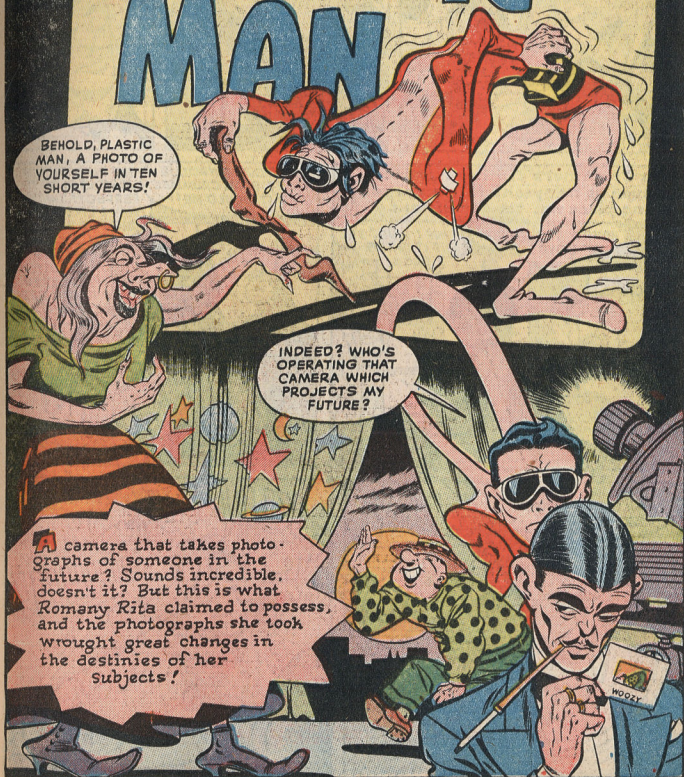
CITY.....STATE.....

PLASTIC MAN

BEHOLD, PLASTIC MAN, A PHOTO OF YOURSELF IN TEN SHORT YEARS!

INDEED? WHO'S OPERATING THAT CAMERA WHICH PROJECTS MY FUTURE?

A camera that takes photographs of someone in the future? Sounds incredible, doesn't it? But this is what Romany Rita claimed to possess, and the photographs she took wrought great changes in the destinies of her subjects!

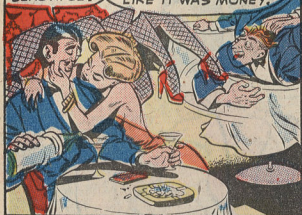


PLASTIC MAN

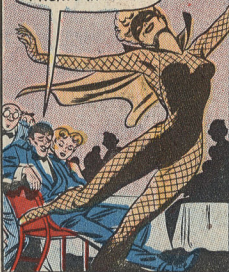
A familiar figure in most night clubs is **BEAU CRUMMEL**, gangster extraordinary...

MORE CHAMPAGNE, BEAUTIFUL?

BEAU, DARLING, YOU SPEND MONEY JUST LIKE IT WAS MONEY.



WHY NOT? THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS COMES FROM! IN FACT...



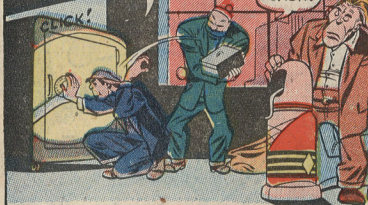
...SEVERAL OF MY MINIONS ARE...AHEM...CLOSING A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS DEAL FOR ME AT THIS MOMENT!



Beau Crummel's timing is perfect, for even as he speaks, this scene is taking place not too far distant...

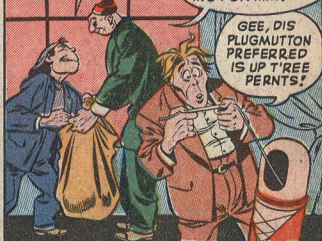
HERE'S THE DOUGH, BOYS!

FINE! FINE! I'LL PUT IT IN THIS SACK!



THE WHOLE PAYROLL'S HERE! BEAU CRUMMEL SAID IT WOULD BE!

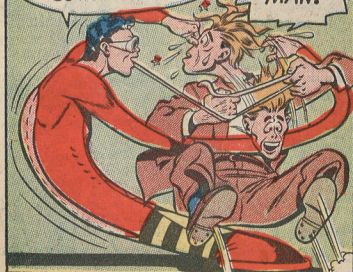
THE INFO ON HIS JOBS IS ALWAYS PERFECT! THAT'S WHY I LIKE WORKING FOR HIM!



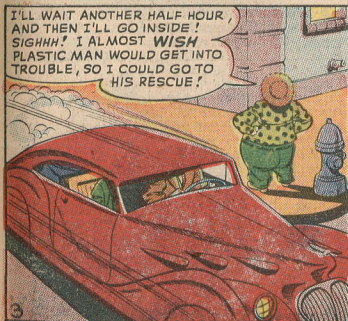
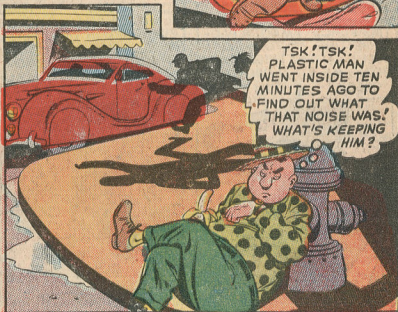
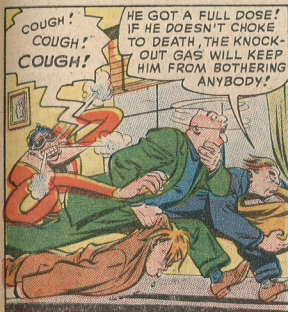
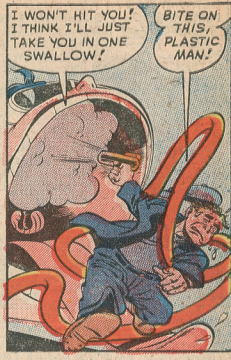
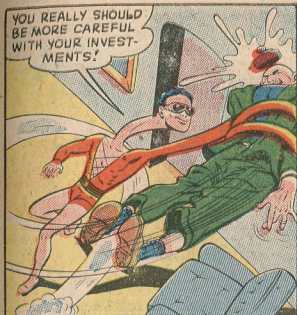
GEE, DIS PLUGMUTTON PREFERRED IS UP T'REE PERNTS!

WRONG, MY FRIEND! YOUR STOCK'S DEFINITELY GOING DOWN!

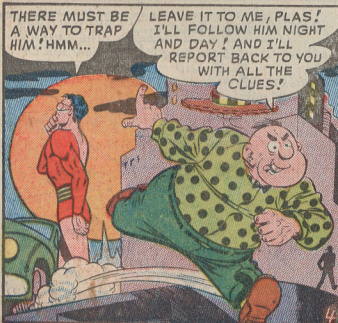
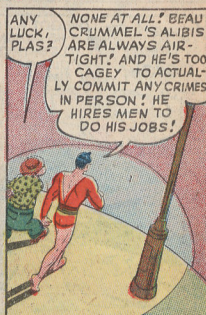
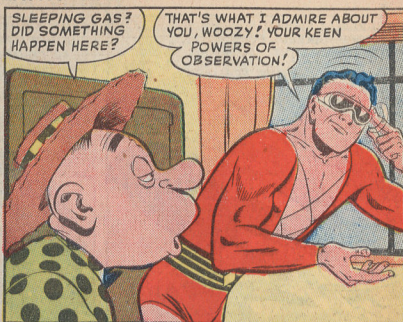
PLASTIC MAN!



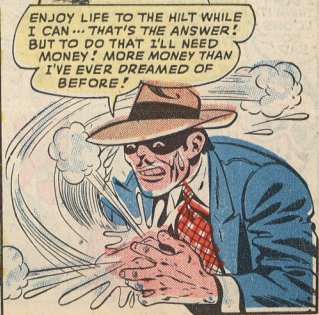
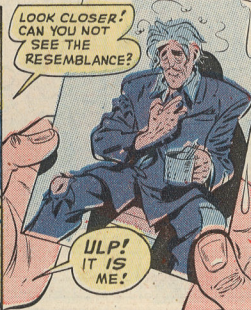
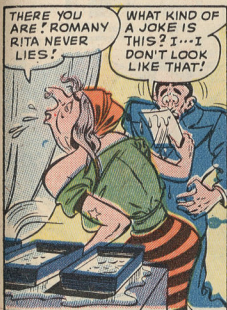
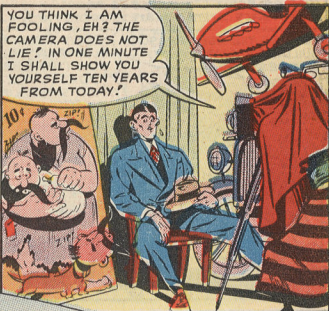
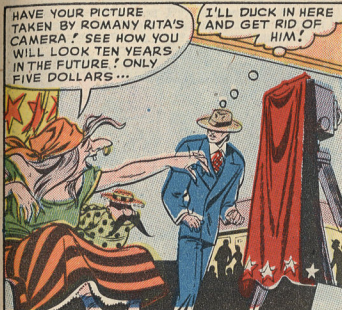
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

And so, Beau Crummel's most ambitious crime plan is conceived...

ROBBING THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING? THAT'S RISKY BUSINESS!

YOU'VE SEEN MY BLUEPRINT ON HOW IT CAN BE DONE! I TELL YOU, IT'S ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF!

IT'S TOO BIG A JOB FOR US TO HANDLE ALONE! WE'LL CHANCE IT, IF YOU'RE WILLING TO COME ALONG!

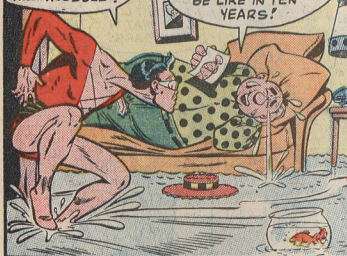
I'VE NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE! BUT WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? SURE I'LL GO!



Meanwhile...

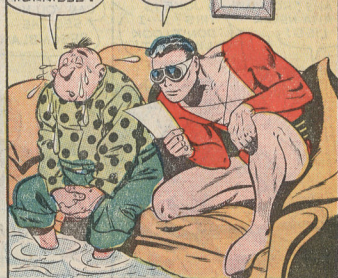
WOOLZY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

SOB! CHOKE! I JUST GOT A PREVIEW OF WHAT I'M GOING TO BE LIKE IN TEN YEARS!



ISN'T IT HORRIBLE?

HMM!



I DON'T THINK IT LOOKS SO BAD!

DON'T TRY TO CONSOLE ME! NO HUMAN BEING COULD LOOK LIKE THAT! LIFE HAS LOST ITS MEANING FOR ME!

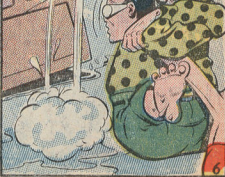


YOU'RE GOING TO END IT ALL?

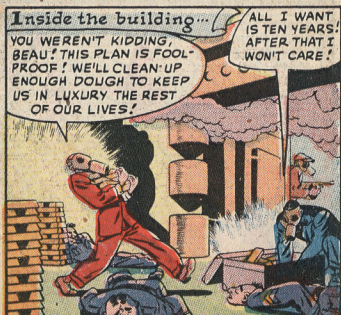
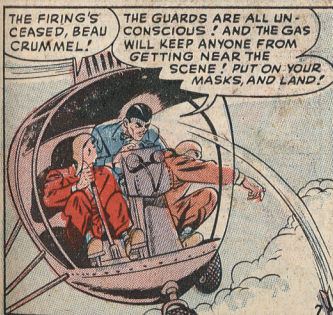
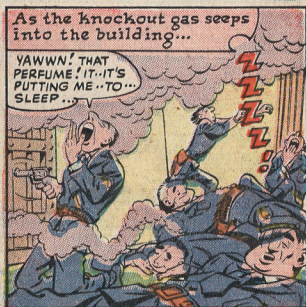
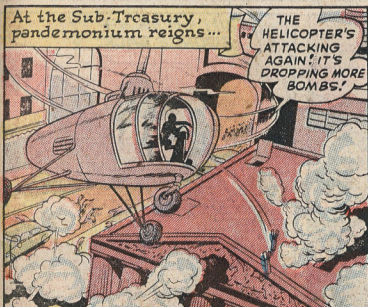
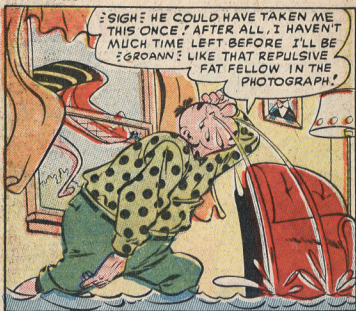
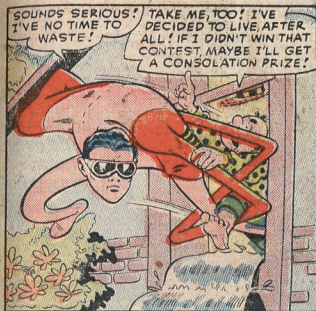
DEFINITELY! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHETHER I'LL BE ANNOUNCED AS THE WINNER OF THE SUPER-ANNUNATED SOAP SUDS RADIO CONTEST!



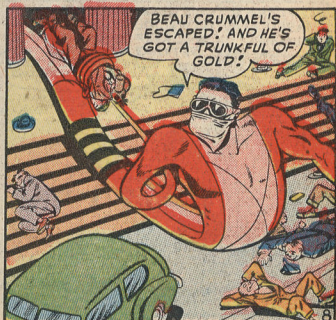
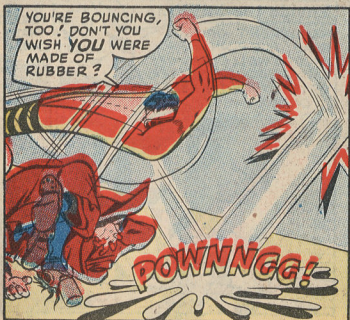
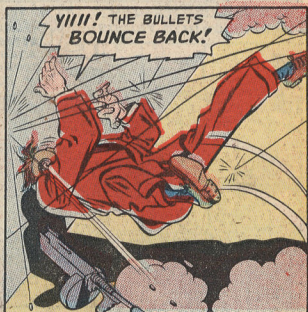
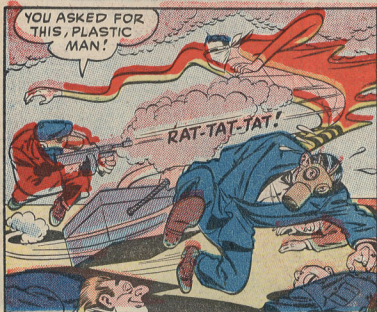
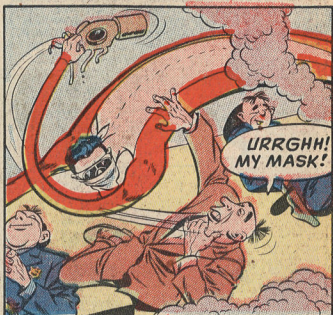
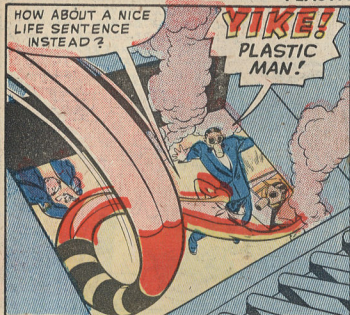
CALLING ALL CARS! PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE SUB TREASURY BUILDING! MYSTERIOUS HELICOPTER IS ATTACKING!



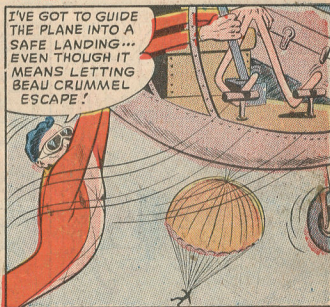
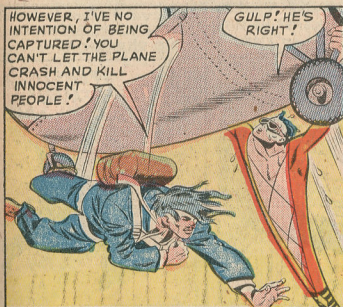
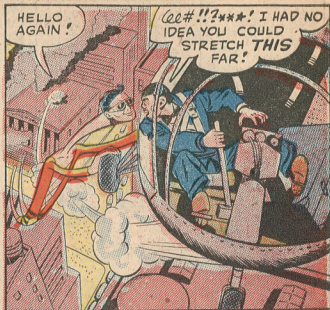
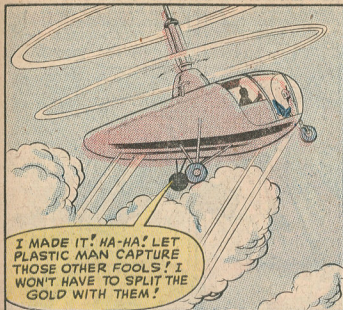
PLASTIC MAN



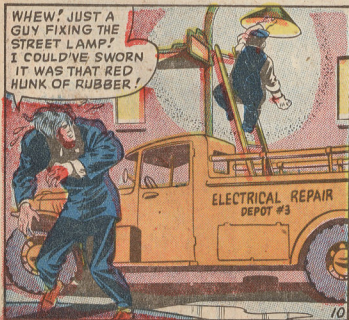
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

But Woozy also has business with Romany Rita...

YA GOTTA SAVE ME! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO KEEP ME FROM LOOKING LIKE THAT PHOTO IN TEN YEARS!

I'D BETTER GET RID OF HIM RIGHT AWAY!



HERE! TAKE THIS BOTTLE OF YOUTH SERUM! IT'LL MAKE YOU STAY...UGH... JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

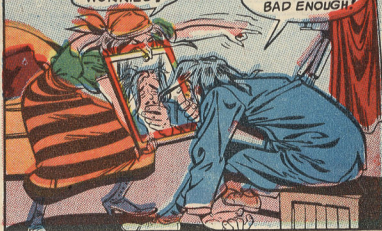


AH! I WAS CERTAIN THAT YOU WOULD RETURN! I'VE BEEN WAITING!



BEHOLD! ALREADY YOU RESEMBLE THE PHOTOGRAPH THE FUTURE CAMERA TOOK OF YOU... YOU'RE THAT WORRIED!

GROANN! I'M CONVINCED, GYPSY! YOU CAN SEE THE FUTURE! BUT THE PRESENT'S BAD ENOUGH!



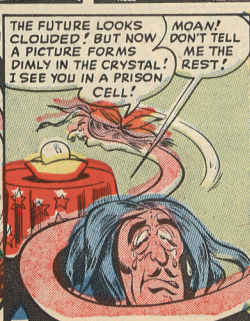
TELL ME THIS! WILL PLASTIC MAN GET ME? OR WILL I MAKE A COMEBACK?

WE-ELL!



THE FUTURE LOOKS CLOUDED! BUT NOW A PICTURE FORMS DIMLY IN THE CRYSTAL! I SEE YOU IN A PRISON CELL!

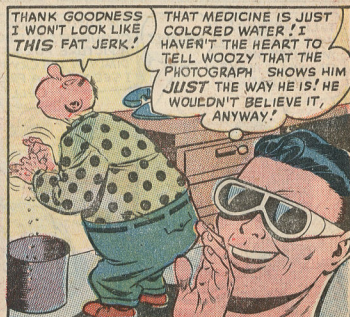
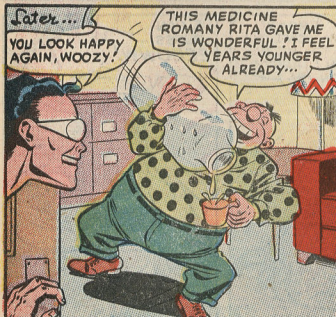
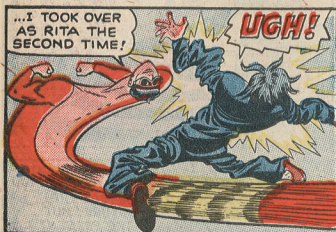
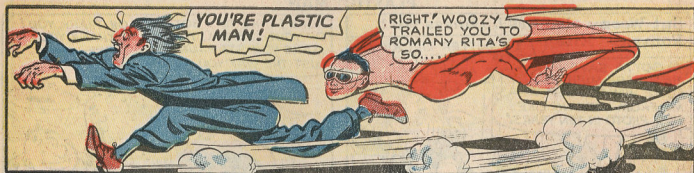
MOAN! DON'T TELL ME THE REST!



I CAN GUESS... 'EEEOOWW!'



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

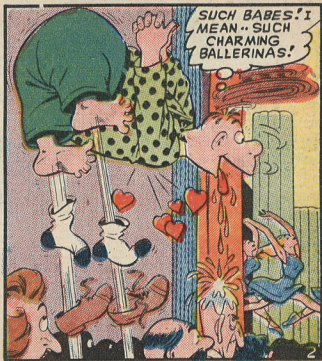
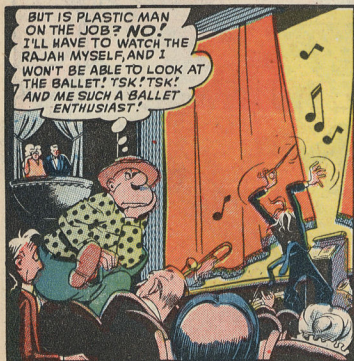
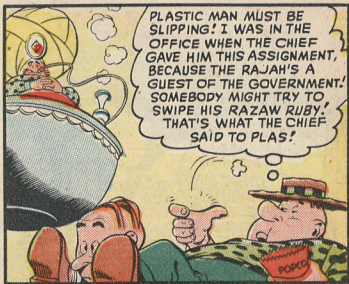
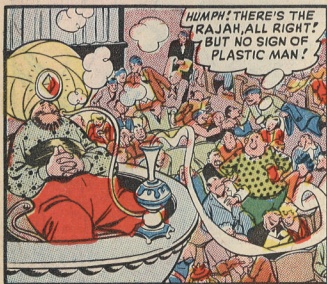
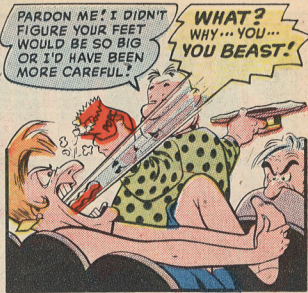
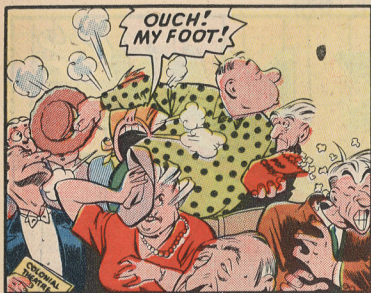
MISSED HIM!
BUT I'LL GET
HIM ON THE
NEXT JUMP!

NO WONDER
THEY CALL HIM
**THE AMAZING
ROMANOV!**
YOU'D NEVER
THINK A HUMAN
BEING COULD
LEAP THAT
HIGH!

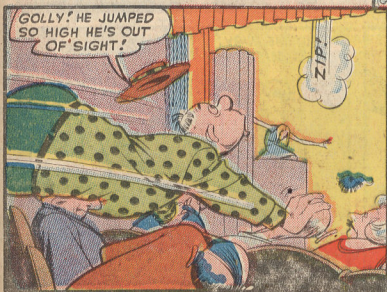
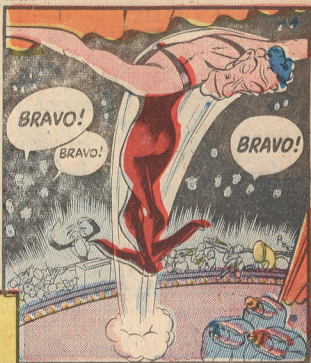
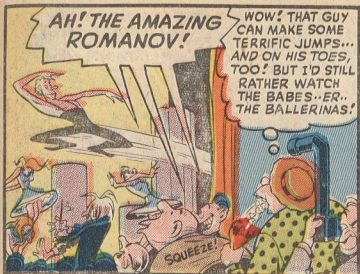
Programming

Is a ballet
dancer for a
crime smasher
like PLASTIC MAN?
Offhand anybody
would say no.
The amazing
ROMANOV was
more ways
than one!

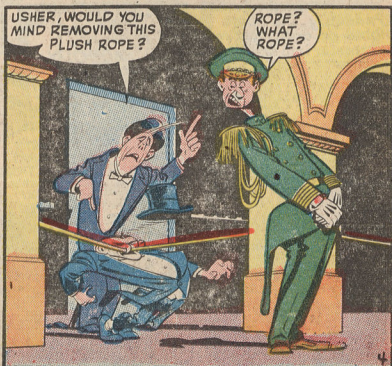
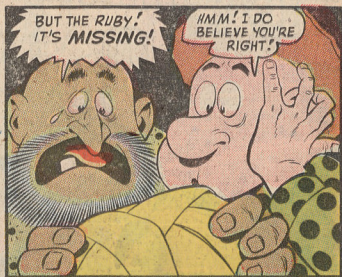
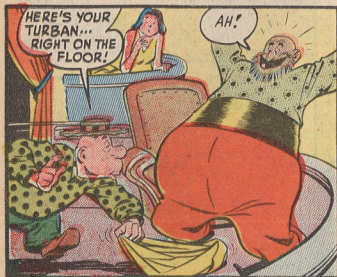
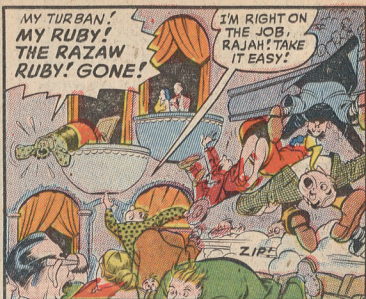
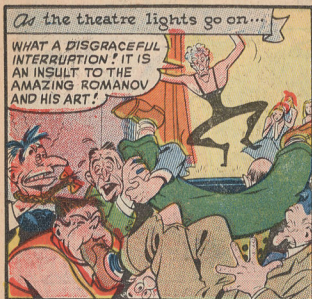
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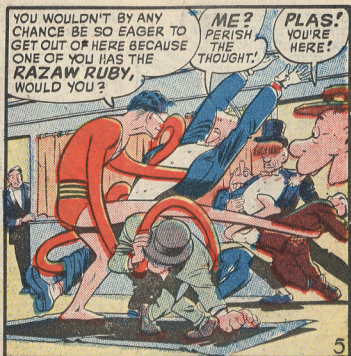
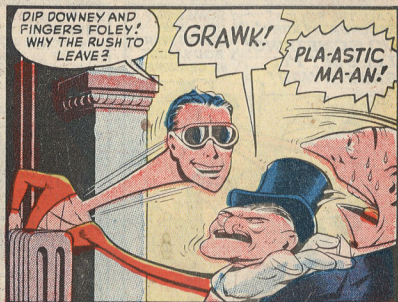
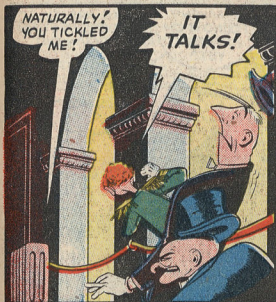
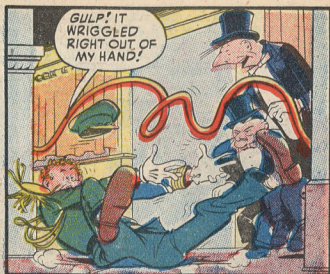
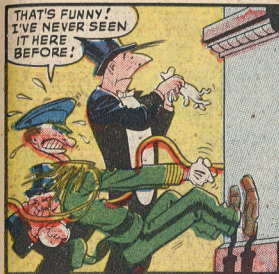
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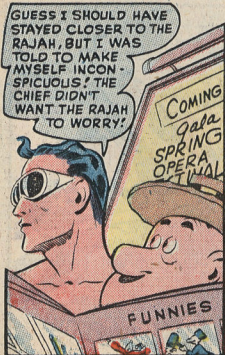
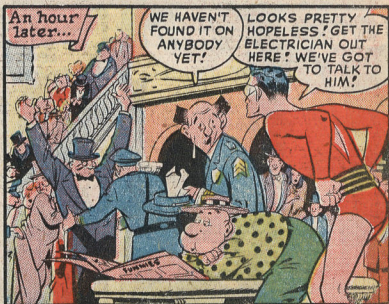
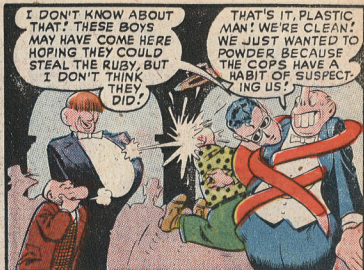
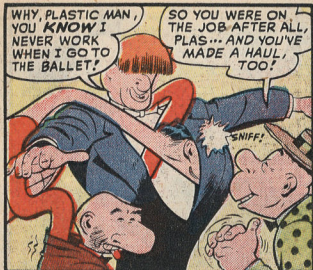
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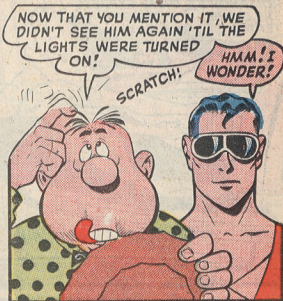
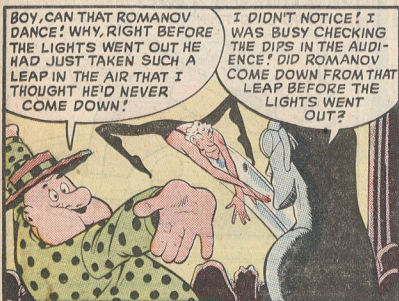
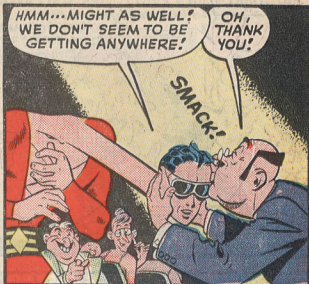
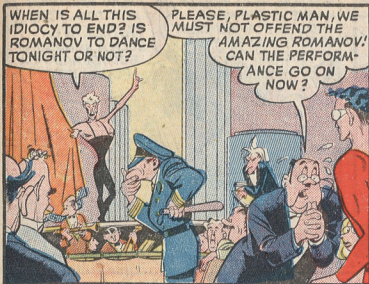
PLASTIC MAN

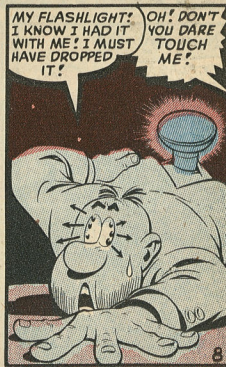
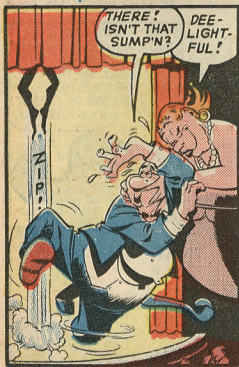
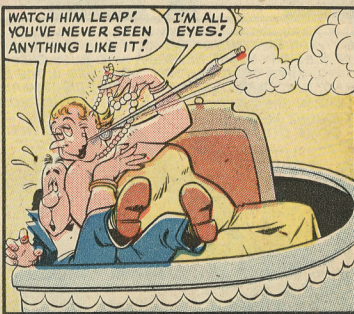
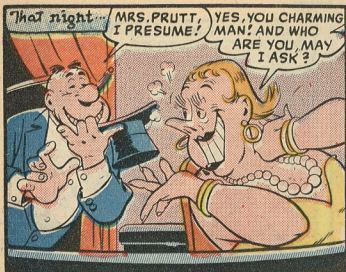


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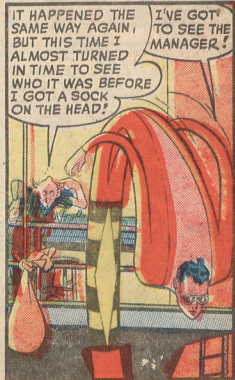
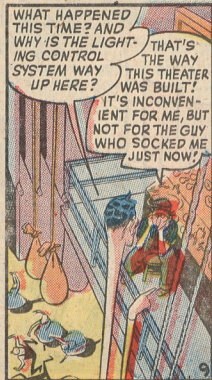
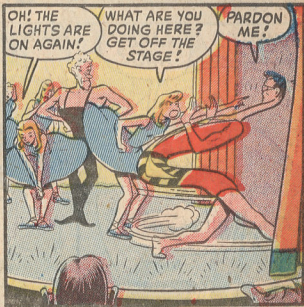
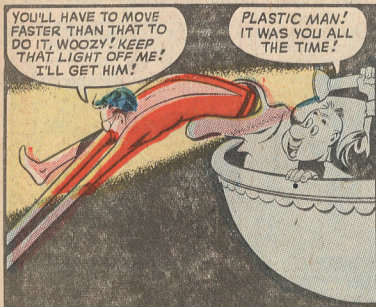
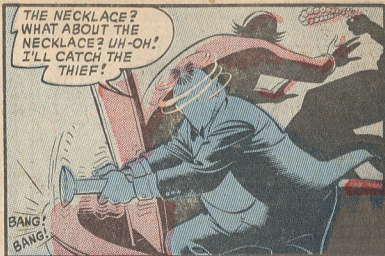
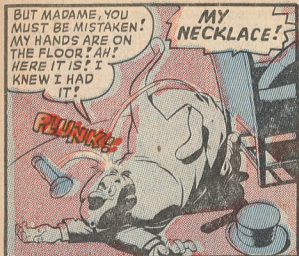


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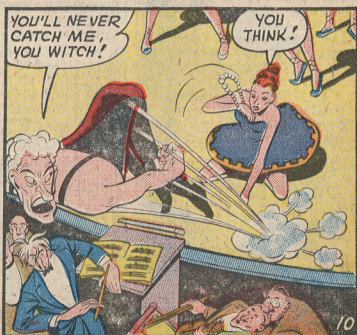
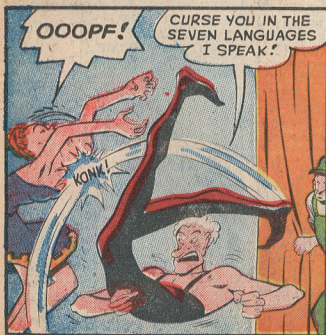
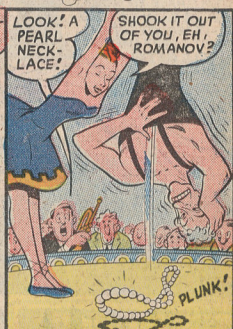
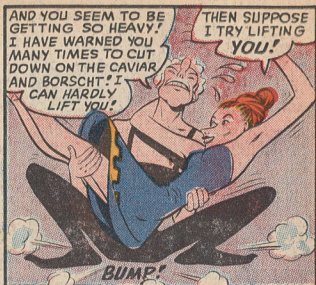
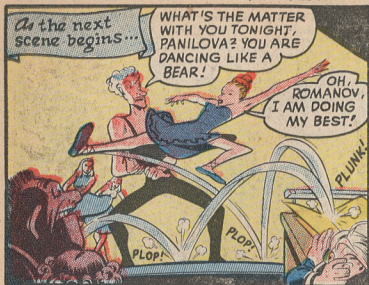


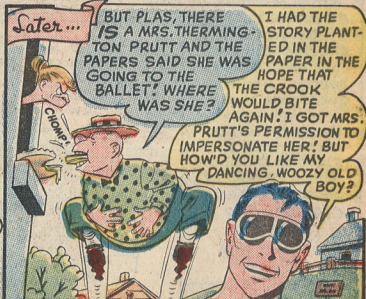
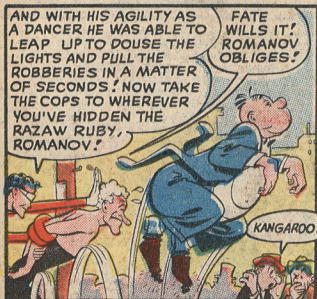
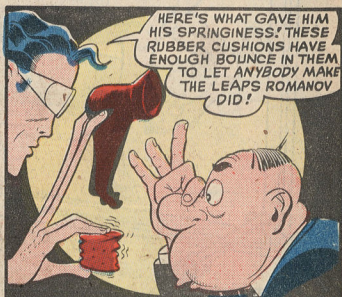
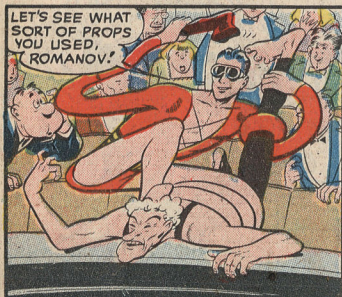
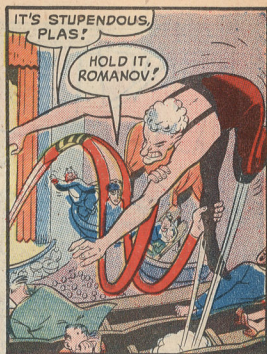
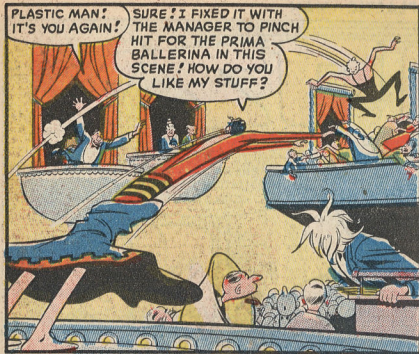


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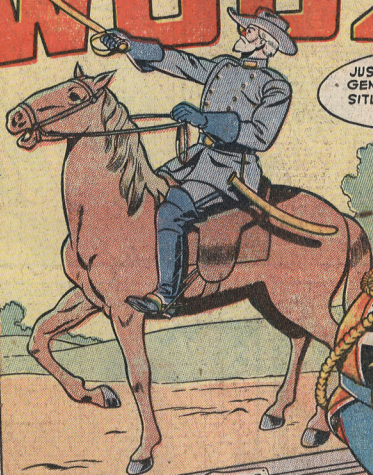


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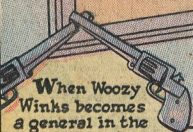




WOOZY



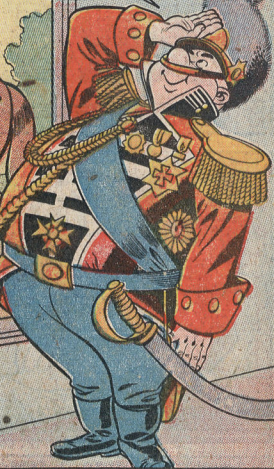
JUST BETWEEN US
GENERALS... THE
SITUATION'S UNDER
CONTROL!



When Woozy
Winks becomes
a general in the
Chiluvian Army,
ANYONE can see
that **ANYTHING** can
happen! And we
guarantee that
you won't guess
the surprising
events that take
place in the short-
lived career of
Woozy Winks...
**COMMANDER IN
CHIEF!**



GEN. ROBT E. LEE



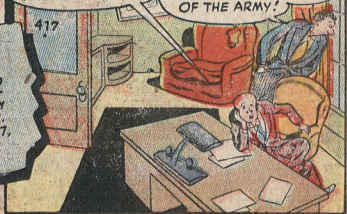
It all began with
a most unusual
ad in the help
wanted column
of the news-
papers...

EXPERIENCED,
COURAGEOUS
FIGHTING MAN
WANTED TO LEAD
CHILUVIAN REGU-
LAR ARMY. EASY
WORK, HIGH PAY.
APPLY ROOM 417,
CHILUVIAN
EMBASSY.

NOT A SINGLE ANSWER
TO OUR AD! SIGH!! I
GUESS EVERYONE
KNOWS HOW THINGS
ARE IN CHILUVIA...

EVERY WEEK WE ARE
HAVING A NEW REVOLU-
TION AND THEY ARE
ALWAYS SHOOTING THE
COMMANDER IN CHIEF
OF THE ARMY!

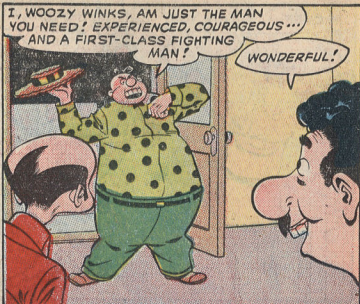
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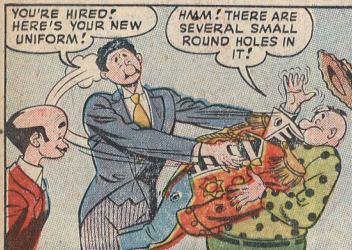
PLASTIC MAN



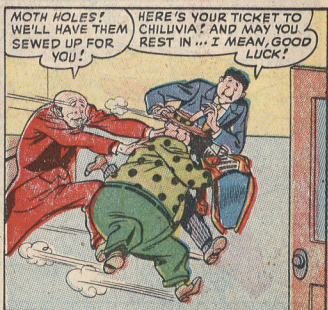
YOUR PROBLEM IS SOLVED, GENTLEMEN!



WONDERFUL!

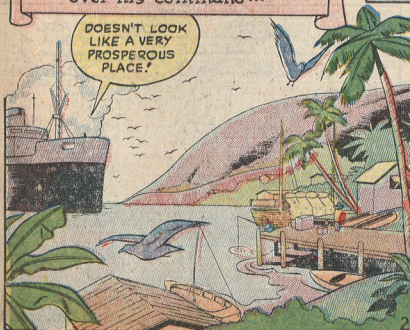


HAAM! THERE ARE SEVERAL SMALL ROUND HOLES IN IT!



HERE'S YOUR TICKET TO CHILUVIA! AND MAY YOU REST IN ... I MEAN, GOOD LUCK!

Later, the new commander in chief arrives in Chiluvia to take over his command...



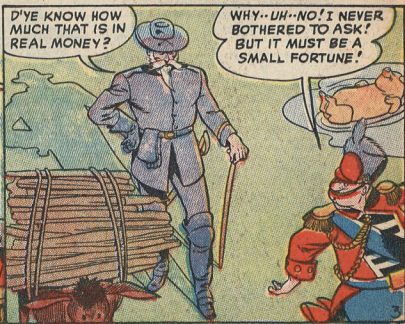
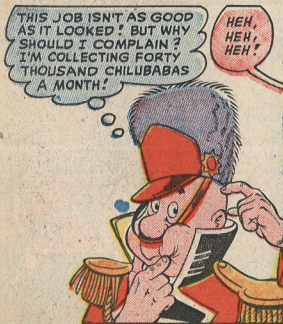
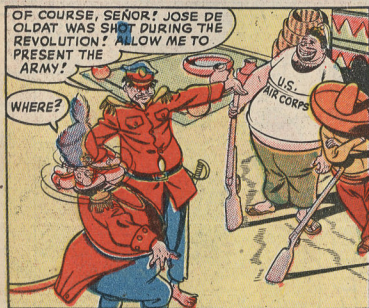
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A VERY PROSPEROUS PLACE!



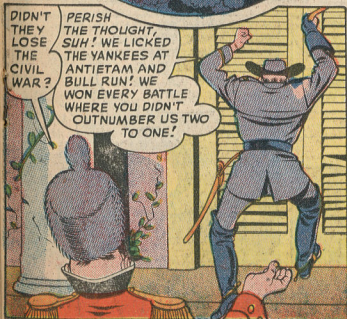
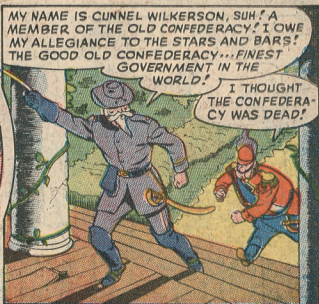
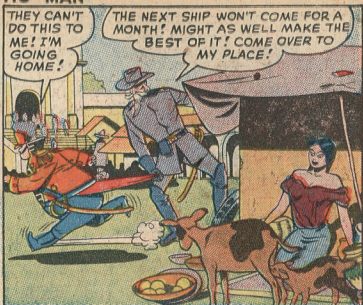
BUT I GUESS THIS IS THE SLUM SECTION OF CHILUVIA!

OH, NO, SENOR! THEES EES THE CAPITAL OF CHILUVIA!

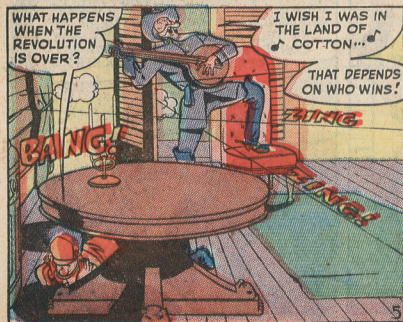
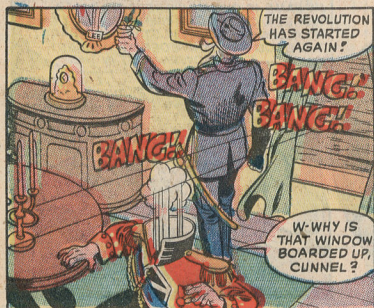
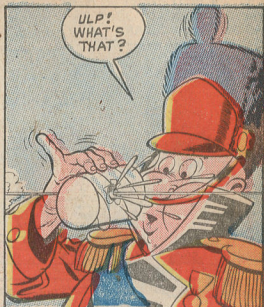
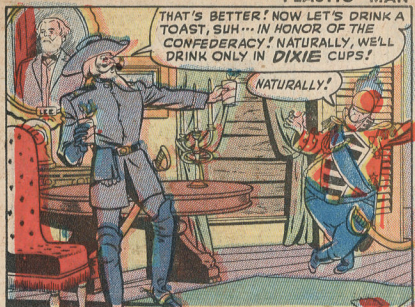
PLASTIC MAN



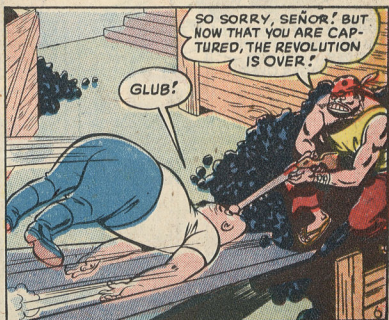
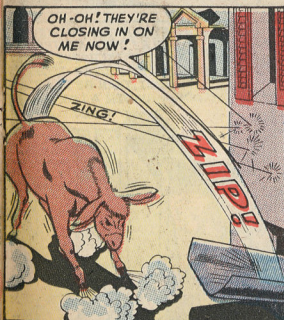
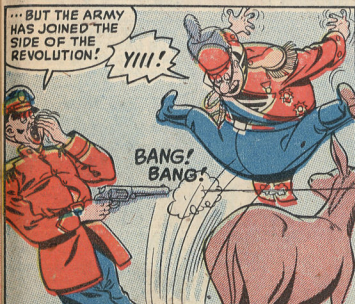
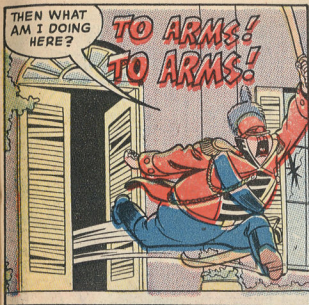
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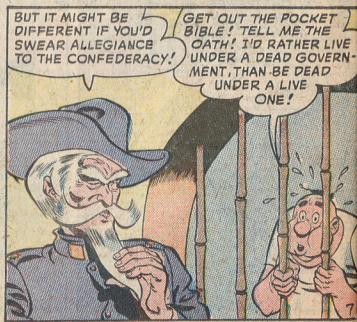
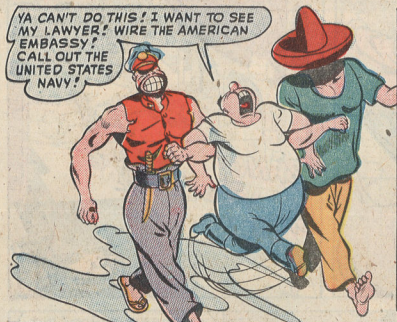
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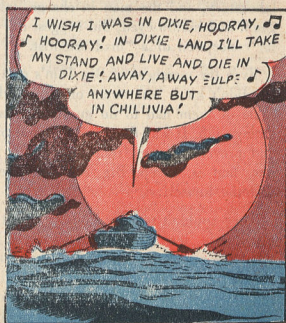
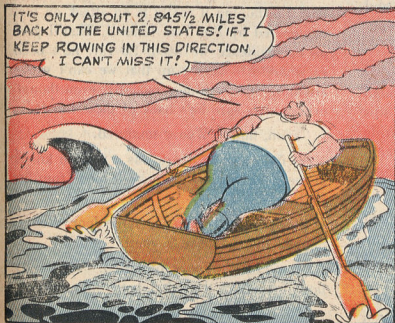
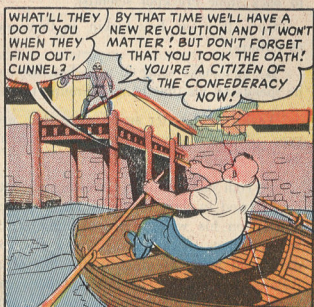
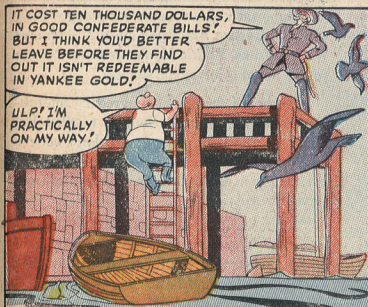
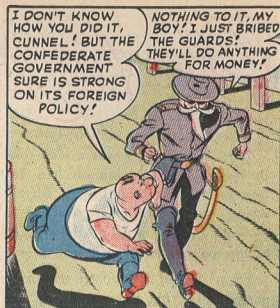
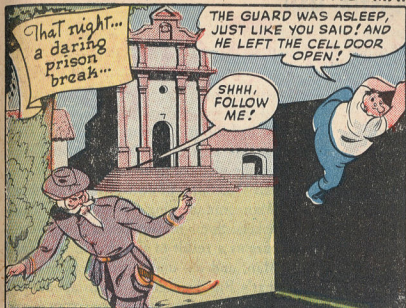
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



Plastic Man



Snaps Back

THE news got around, nobody was sure just how. Maybe there was a leak somewhere. Or maybe Big Tom himself had started the stories. You never could figure what Big Tom was up to—he was smart. He had to be, or he wouldn't have lasted all these years as boss of the toughest mobs in town.

From mouth to crooked mouth the story passed: Big Tom was putting up the money to back some crackpot scientist.

"Geez, they say he's kickin' in thousands of dollars!"

"It don't make sense to me—but they say he spends all his time hangin' around there!"

"Yeah? He'd better spend some time worryin' about this guy Plastic Man, I'm tellin' ya!"

Big Tom just grinned, narrowing his little eyes buried in their layers of fat, and went quietly on his way, saying nothing. There were elements of truth in the stories. Big Tom did spend many evenings in the loft of an isolated warehouse. The loft had been converted into a fair approximation of a scientific laboratory, and the man in charge, tall and gaunt and hollow-eyed, did suggest the popular conception of a "mad scientist."

Even the members of Big Tom's own rackets didn't know what went on inside, though some of them had to do guard duty at this strange lab. It was their job to stand outside and prevent anyone from entering . . . anyone, that is, except Big Tom and the mad scientist himself.

They couldn't see Big Tom as he sat night after night, leaning forward to watch intently as the scientist worked. And they couldn't see the strange shape that was gradually being assembled, which Big Tom watched with growing satisfaction. In recent weeks, though,

Big Tom had been growing impatient. He chewed on his cigar more violently and he questioned the scientist more frequently. Maybe this had something to do with the fact that Plastic Man was making inroads into Big Tom's rackets. Some of Big Tom's gang were behind bars as a result of the elusive, skillful Plastic Man, and the underworld was asking itself, what's Big Tom going to do about it?

Plastic Man was being asked the same question as he sat in his room one evening. "Plas, whatcha suppose Big Tom's up to?" inquired Woozy Winks, Plastic Man's assistant. "Guess you've heard some of the stories?"

"I've heard them," Plas agreed. "Interesting, aren't they? I'm curious as to what Big Tom's dreamed up. Somehow I don't believe he's thought of anything that can stop me—but then you might call me a prejudiced observer!"

"Whatever it is, he'll probably try it pretty soon," Woozy said. "One more big raid on his rackets and you'll just about have Big Tom himself behind bars."

"Yes," Plas agreed, "I expect it'll be soon. And I'm hoping it really is an attack on me, engineered by Big Tom himself. That'll give us the evidence we need. So far, he's been so smart at covering up that we can't prove anything against him personally, even though everybody's sure he's back of these things."

"Soon, huh?" Woozy muttered.

As if in answer, there was a sudden knock at the door. Startled, Woozy leaped from his chair.

Plas grinned again. "Open the door, Woozy. Sounds like we have a guest."

"But Plas!" Woozy protested. "It's pretty late for callers. Hadn't I better ask who—"

The heavy knock was repeated.

PLASTIC MAN

"Why, Woozy!" Plas chided. "You don't want to be inhospitable, do you? Go ahead and open the door."

Woozy moved his weighty bulk across the room reluctantly, turned the key and opened the door. Then he gasped and jumped back against the wall. Two men stood in the doorway—tough-looking guys, with their hat brims pulled low over their faces, and carrying guns. No . . . Woozy looked again. There weren't any guns visible. It was just that you'd expect guys like these to carry guns.

"Come in, gentlemen!" Plas exclaimed.

"We broughtcha an invitation," one of the guys said. "From a guy named Big Tom—ya may've heard of him."

"Oh, yes," Plas agreed. "I've heard of Big Tom."

"He'd like to have a little talk with ya. He's got sompin' he'd like to show ya."

Plas smiled. He'd said Big Tom was smart, and this proved it. Instead of sending guys with guns, useless when it came to shooting Plastic Man, Big Tom had sent a mysterious message that would appeal to Plas' curiosity. Well, it did. He would accept Big Tom's challenge!

A powerful car sped them through town and into the warehouse district. It stopped and they got out in front of an isolated building, dark on the ground floor but with brightly lighted windows above. Big Tom's laboratory!

Up the stairs they went, past the guards at the door. While the escorts stayed behind, Plas stepped into the lab, to be greeted genially by Big Tom himself.

"Wanted to show you a new invention!" Big Tom said to Plas. "Wanted to get your opinion!" He motioned Plas to a corner of the big room where a thick curtain hung, hiding something.

Plas moved warily. It couldn't be a bomb—Big Tom wouldn't risk his own life. But the quickest way to discover Big Tom's secret was to spring his trap! With a sudden move forward Plas ripped aside the curtain—and stood staring.

Facing him stood a huge, weird figure. It had a head, two arms and two legs, but it was not a man—not a human being. As if the curtain-pulling were a signal, its great metallic arms shot forward and encircled Plastic Man.

"An automaton!" Plas cried. "A regular Frankenstein monster!"

"But with modern improvements!" The scientist chortled. "A radar-controlled mechanism, as impervious to destruction as you yourself!"

Plas was finding that out. The encircling arms were becoming uncomfortably tight—but when Plas attempted to slip from the clutches in his usual elusive way, he got nowhere. Blows on the metal figure had no effect. When Plas tried to extend his rubbery limbs to reach the control mechanism, the iron grip always forestalled him. Was this to be the end of the great Plastic Man—tied into knots and thrown away by a creature of iron and steel? Plas could hear Big Tom laughing and congratulating the scientist.

Plastic Man took a deep breath. Gathering all his strength, he lunged forward against the metal body. Knocked off balance, the great creature tipped backward.

"Look out!" shouted Big Tom.

But it was too late. Backward the automaton fell, still holding tight to Plastic Man. There was a shatter of breaking glass and both figures crashed downward through a window onto the cement walk below.

The awful clang of smashing metal told Big Tom and the scientist only too clearly, the fate of their Frankenstein. But Plastic Man? As the metallic echoes died away, there was a *whoosh*—and back through the window sailed Plastic Man!

"You forgot just one thing!" Plas said to them. "Your automaton doesn't bounce—and I do!" Extending his rubbery arms, he captured Big Tom with one and the scientist with the other.

"And now off to the police," he grinned. "This charge will stick, Big Tom—attempted murder!"

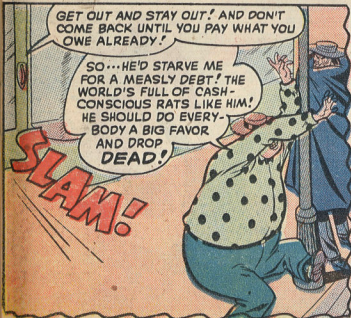
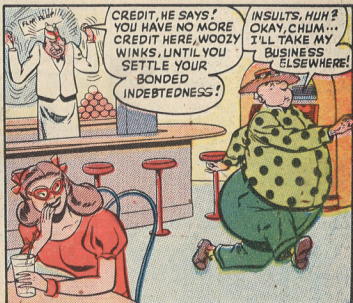
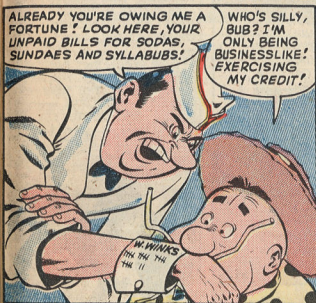


WHO'S GOING TO SURPRISE WHICH?

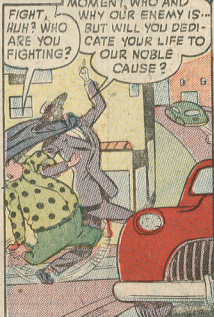
The F.B.I. assigned Plastic Man to trace, expose and overwhelm a sinister crew of criminals who called themselves the **WORLD AGAINSTERS!**

How was he to know that among that crew would be his pal **WOZZY WINKS**, and how could Wozzy know that **PLASTIC MAN** would pursue him?

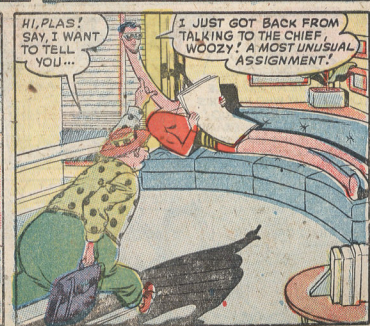
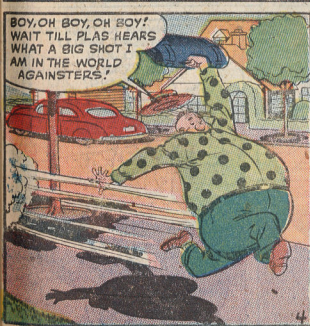
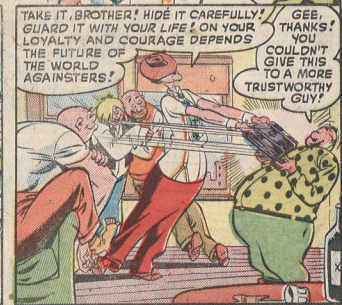
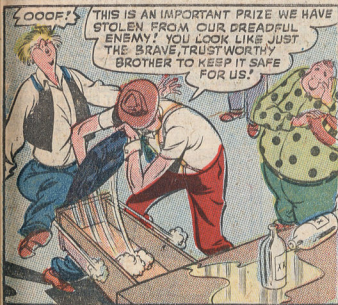
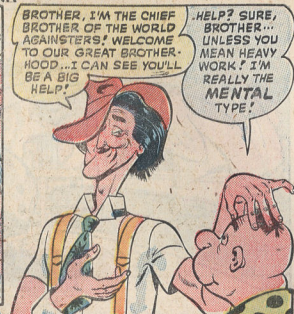
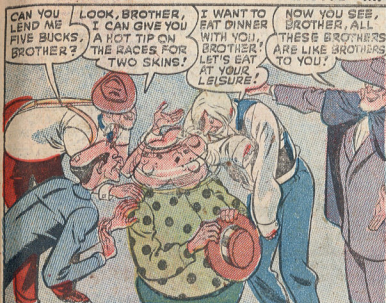
PLASTIC MAN



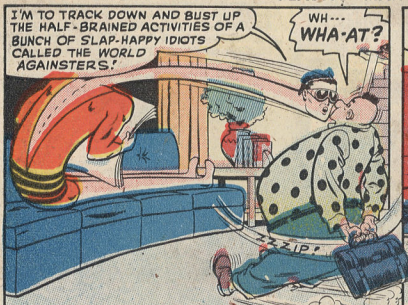
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

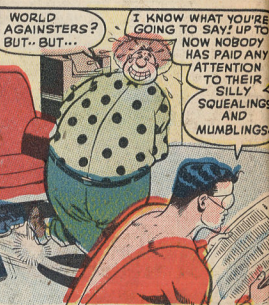


PLASTIC MAN



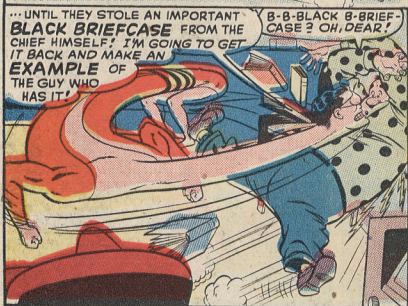
I'M TO TRACK DOWN AND BUST UP THE HALF-BRAINED ACTIVITIES OF A BUNCH OF SLAP-HAPPY IDIOTS CALLED THE WORLD AGAINSTERS!

WH... WHA-AT?



WORLD AGAINSTERS? BUT... BUT...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! UP TO NOW NOBODY HAS PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THEIR SILLY SQUEALING AND MUMBLINGS.



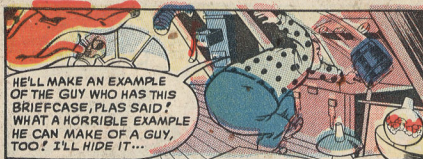
...UNTIL THEY STOLE AN IMPORTANT **BLACK BRIEFCASE** FROM THE CHIEF HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK AND MAKE AN **EXAMPLE** OF THE GUY WHO HAS IT!

B-B-BLACK B-BRIEFCASE? OH, DEAR!



I'M ON THEIR TRAIL RIGHT NOW! WANT TO TAG ALONG AS USUAL, WOZZY?

MMM... NOT JUST NOW, PLAS! I HAVE A SORT OF PLAYED OUT FEELING... WANT TO REST!



HE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THE GUY WHO HAS THIS BRIEFCASE, PLAS SAID! WHAT A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE HE CAN MAKE OF A GUY, TOO! I'LL HIDE IT...



I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT MAYBE I WASN'T REALLY **SMART** TO JOIN THOSE WORLD AGAINSTERS!



Moments later...

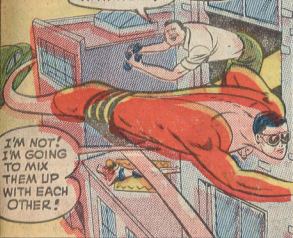
PUT IT INTO YOUR DEEPEST VAULT AND KEEP IT TILL I CALL FOR IT!

OKEL-DOKE! MISTER! HERE'S YOUR BAGGAGE CHECK!

STORAGE

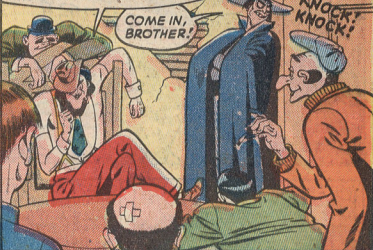
PLASTIC MAN

YEP, THE WORLD AGAINSTERS HAVE THEIR SECRET HIDEOUT IN THE NEXT BLOCK... YOU CAN'T MISS THEIR SIGN! HOW COME A SANE GUY LIKE YOU IS MIXED UP WITH THEM?



I'M NOT! I'M GOING TO MIX THEM UP WITH EACH OTHER!

NOW BROTHERS, OUR NEXT GREAT TASK IS TO SABOTAGE THE GARBAGE DUMPS OF THE CITY! SEE WHO'S KNOCKING, SOMEBODY!



COME IN, BROTHER!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

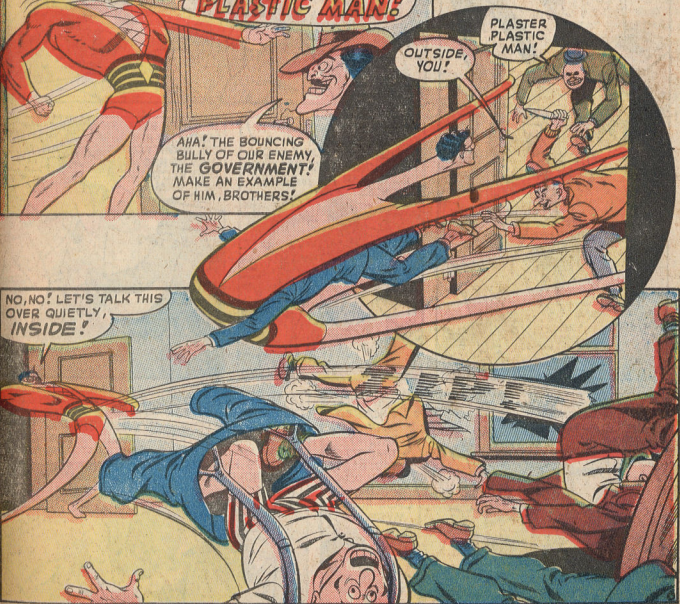
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! I'M **PLASTIC MAN!**



AHA! THE BOUNCING BULLY OF OUR ENEMY, THE GOVERNMENT! MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM, BROTHERS!

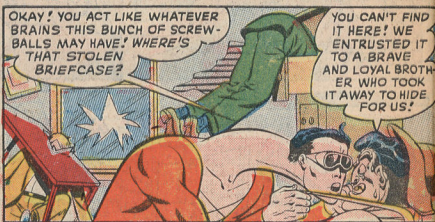
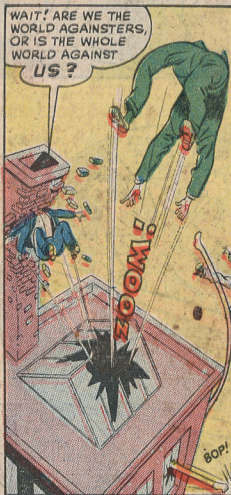
PLASTER PLASTIC MAN!

OUTSIDE, YOU!

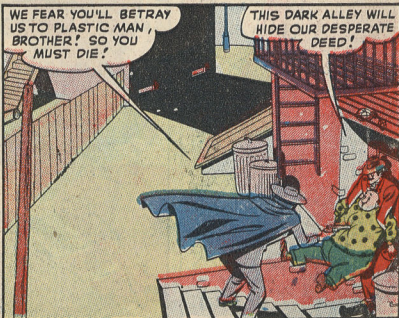
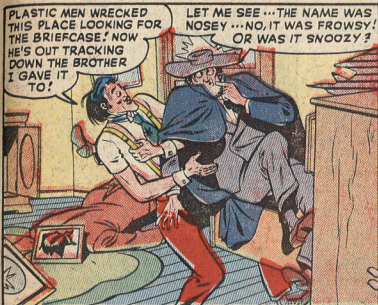


NO, NO! LET'S TALK THIS OVER QUIETLY, INSIDE!

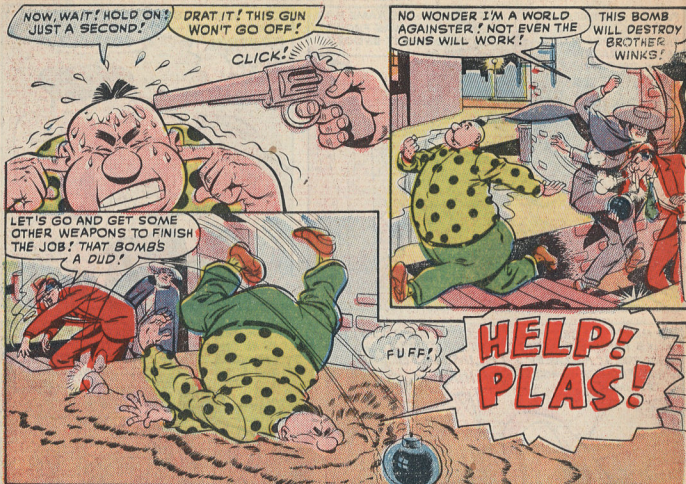
PLASTIC MAN



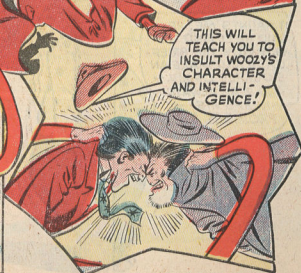
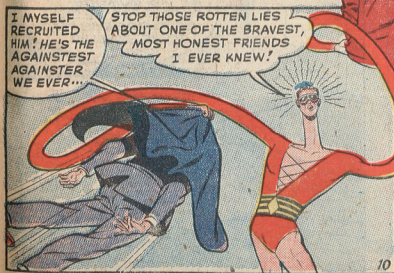
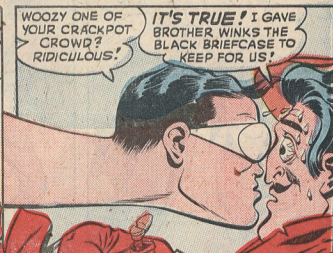
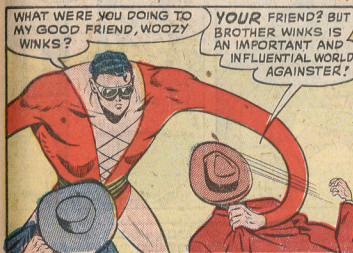
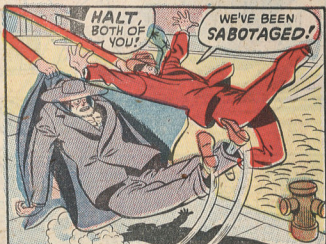
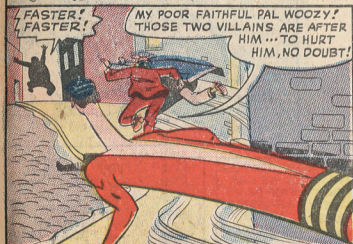
PLASTIC MAN



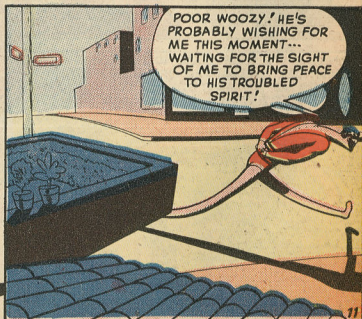
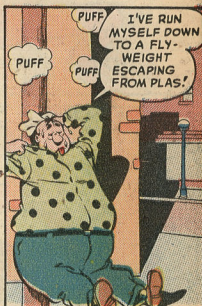
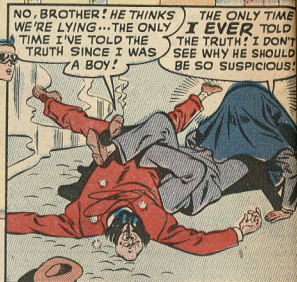
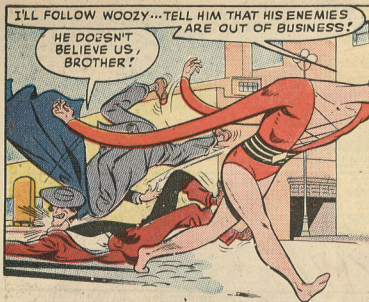
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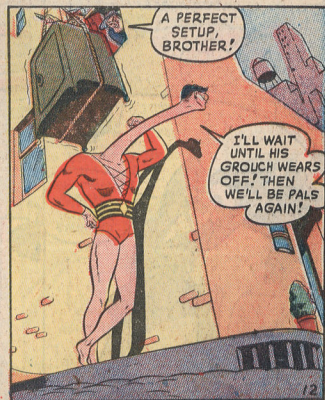
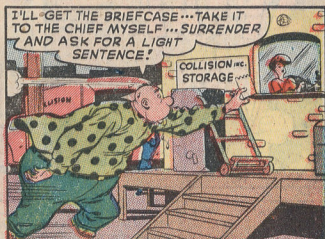
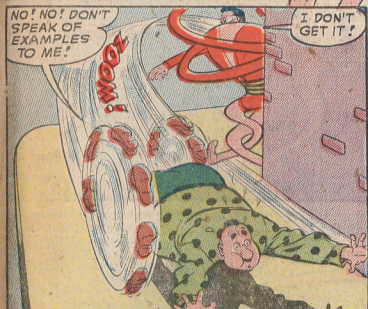
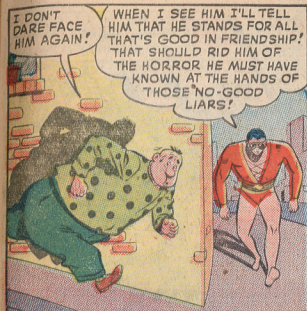
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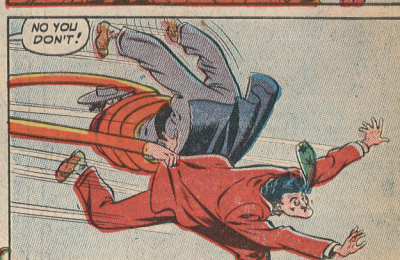
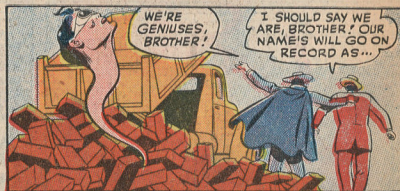
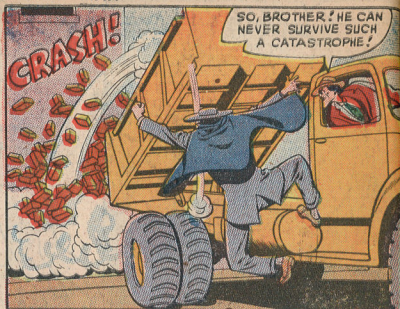
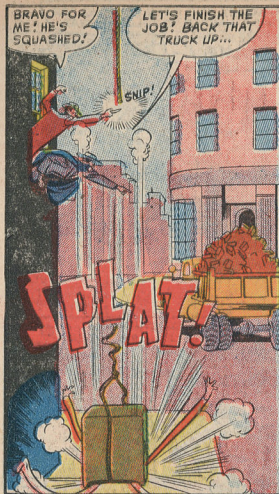


PLASTIC MAN

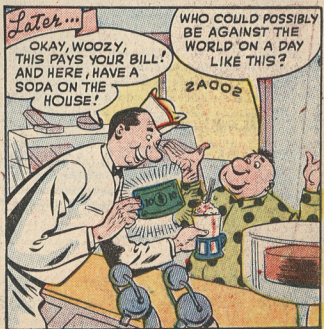
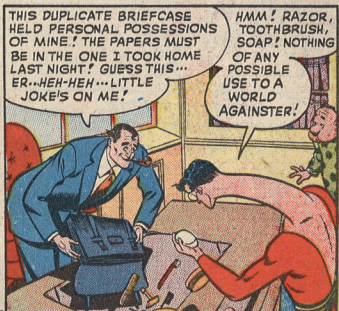


PLASTIC MAN



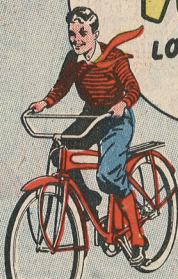


PLASTIC MAN



WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



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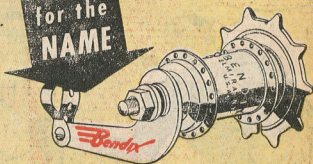


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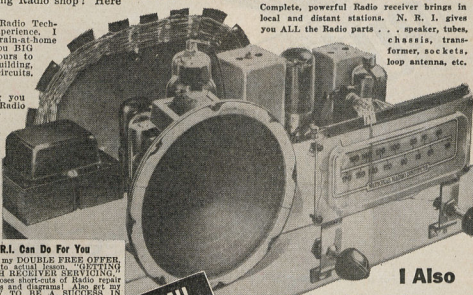
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